but he belonged to a country club and

played golf, and had studied the phraseol-

ogy of the great golfists from abroad who

had visited the links of his country club,

and so he made it "waird." He had a

and the khaki fishing-and-hunting uniform,

looked like one of those fishermen who write those long, cool stories about speckled

trout for the periodicals devoted to the in-terests of gentlemen sportsmen. He had a neat Van Dyke beard, and he looked like a man who knew just how much Scawtch to drink without drinking too much of the

On the bank of the stream reposed his

two-flapped basket, containing his choice luncheon of chicken sandwiches and min-

eral water and Chateau something or other that fizzed when the bottle was opened, and about \$435 worth of patent flies and things of that sort.

"By Jove, y'know," he muttered peevishly to himself, as he made another cast, "but it's blooming odd. I must say."

And the barelegged boy, who was sit-ting under the shade of a broken straw hat and fishing with a bent pin, grinned again,

"Now, all the conditions appear to be favorable." the swagger fisherman went on muttering to himself, "and I know that they are here, because I got them here in

quantities last year. What on airth can be the matter, I'd like to know?"

The boy with the bare legs and the bent pin croaked in his giee and wriggled his toes in the damp soil of the stream's verge, but he volunteered no remarks.

The swagger fisherman with the nice

khaki uniform drew in his line and tried another kind of fly. Then he made numer-

ous other casts, each time without success.
"My waird, but this is strange!" he grum-

So he took in his line, waded back to the

bank, picked up his basket, placed his pole over his shoulder and strode along the path and disappeared, while the bare-legged

boy just dropped his gnarled branch pole into his lap and laughed until his sides

At the close of the afternoon, when the

sun was beginning to throw long, reddish

shadows through the autumnal foliage, the

swagger fisherman and the bare-legged urchin met each other as they were both

Here, then, is the point of separation be-

tween fact and fiction. Right at this stage

of the story is the parting of the ways be-

tween truth and pipe-dreaming. At this cross-roads in the narrative loom in view

the diverging paths between what the funny ones of the earth set down in such

cases made and provided and what actually happens at least nineteen times out of

story, according to the long-established tenets of the professional evokers of mirth,

would be to picture the bare-legged bo-

upon meeting the swagger fisherman with the expensive outfit, as wearing an expres-sion of the most galling derision upon his

countenanace as he points to the heavy string of large, fleshy mountain trout which

he is carrying upon his shoulder, and as asking the swell fisherman if he caught

that he hasn't been able to get so much as

swell fisherman would take possession of the boy's string of fish, walk over to the

hotel at which he's stopping and proudly

gling and get himself photographed along-

The swagger fisherman and the bare-leg-

ged urchin met each other as they were both bound back to the village, and the

swagger fisherman, bending under the

that he had caught further up the stream.

hailed the bare-legged kid.
"Hey, bud," said the swell fisherman to

pallid-looking and under-sized eel at the

end of a piece of string, "just carry this bunch for me, will you, and I'll give you two bits," passing the string of fish over to the boy, who had nothing but an eighth-

of-an-ounce eel to show for his day's sport.
"Yes, sir," replied the boy eagerly, tak-

ing the string, and then they went to the

That's the way it happened. And it never

has happened nor never will happen the

hued weeklies and comic supplements de-

voted to the button-breaking and seam

Fight With a Swordfish.

The crew of the Gloucester sloop Klon

dike, Capt. Antonio F. Cunha and five

men, engaged in the swordfishing business,

at about 11 a.m. Saturday sighted a

monster swordfish lying on the surface of

the water thirty-five miles southwest of

quietly up to the big fish and a harpoon

was thrown into it. The throw was not a

Being clad in oilskins and rubber boo

sloop.

From Tit-Bits.

sank immediately. He was not seen after-

nose and was then pulled on board the

Not long ago a lady was giving a lecture.

Her subject was the human figure and the

requirements in the way of proportion, etc.,

for beauty. She herself was of generous-

one may say unwieldy-size, and her man-

ner was supercifious and lofty. She was

trying to demonstrate the relative sizes of

"For example," said, she, "twice round

my thumb-she held it up-"once round my

wrist, twice round my wrist, once round my neck, twice round my neck, once round

my waist." Here she paused, and a shrill voice from the audience exclaimed:

"Twice round your, waist, once round Hyde Park!"

Good Work.

"Did he?" exclaimed the reverend gentle

man. "I'll go right in and see him."
"Do you think you can do any good,

"Well, while he's in such a good humor

From the Catholic Standard and Times.

branch of the subject.

minister's wife.

The lecturer hastily passed on to another

the limbs as they really ought to be.

other way except in the pages of the

bursting business.

From the New Bedford Standard.

small boy, who was toting a solitary,

of the heavy string of choice fish

display them as the result of his day's an-

side the fine string by the village photog-

However-

conventional termination of this

bound back to the village, and-

twenty in such circumstances.

"but it's blooming odd, I must say!"

this time sardonically

ached.

right to, at that, for he looked the part.

swagger fisherman

bent pin grinned.

particular spot of the stream.



"The old 'wildcat' train of yore has about been dropped from the nomenclature of the railroad man," said the superintendent of telegraph of one of the big lines that run into Washington to a Star man the other day on a run over to Baltimore.

"Trains don't run 'wild' any more. We have become dignified, and now we call these trains 'extras,' just the same as any other train running on 'orders.' We just passed one a mile or so back. You noticed the two small white flags flying on the front of the engine above the cowcatcher? Whenever you see an engine flying those flags you may know it is an 'extra:' and when you see a train tearing along with two similar little flags, only green in color, you will know that it is a section of a regular train, and htere may be four or five sections, but they all fly the green flags. "Sometimes you will see a car or a train on a siding, or on the regular track, usually the former, flying a blue flag. The blue flag, compared with the green, red and white flags, is so rare that you turn to your neighbor at the car window and ask its significance, but it is rarely that he knows.

"A blue flag or light means 'stationary.' The car may be undergoing some temporary repair, or for other reasons must not be moved from its location under any circumstances until the blue flag or light comes down, and it is usually taken down by the man who put it up, for the chances are that he is under the car with his tools, and the slightest motion would grind him

"Red means 'stop,' not 'slow up,' but stop, and it is because engineers violate this rule that accidents occur. Green means 'caution,' and white 'clear.' The red flag on the rear end of the platform of the last car of the train is there to greet the eye of an engineer who may be following. unless it, or a red lamp, if at night, has been caught up by the brakeman and car-ried up the track. If the light displayed at the rear end is green, it means that the red globe of the end lamp has been revolved, and that the on-coming engineer may come ahead with caution, as these rear lamps carry both red and green

When you see a brakeman raise his when you see a brakeman raise his hands or lantern up and down, it means 'go ahead,' backward and forward 'stop,' and in a short circle around his head or close to his face, to go 'back.' If an engineer sees the lantern waved in a circle the full length of the arm, it means trou-'train has parted.

you hear the engineer give one long and three short blasts, you may know that trouble may be impending, for that is the signal for the brakeman to get back on the track and protect the train. When it is all 'clear ahead,' the engineer blows two whis-When it is all may be east or north. There are often two flagmen to a train, and sometimes, if the train has to come to a stop on a railway crossing, there are four, and the engineer signals to them in the darkness of the night with ease and certainty. A number of short, quick blasts means 'danger ahead,' usually cattle or people on the track. One long blow means the approach of a station, and two long and two short blasts a crossing. One short blast means 'stop,' and when you hear it you will always see the brakeman and conductor start for the door, and the train slows down, or comes to an abrupt standstill depending upon the emergency. In old days this meant 'down brakes,'

"At night, if you hear the train crash over two torpedoes, it means 'caution,' and if it passes over a third one, it means and stop short, too. If you are on a curve and happen to be looking out of the window at night, a bad practice, and see a green light burning in the center of the track ahead, you will know that there is a train ahead which has just dropped behind a 'fusee' signal which will burn, even in the rain, for five minutes, and it means for your engineer to 'slow up.' It it is a red fusee, it says 'stop!' in an em-phatic language of its own. Fusees are often burned by freight trains to warn oncoming passenger trains of their presence

That the police of the District maintained rigid vigil along Pennsylvania avenue during the McKinley obsequies is a fact very well known to all pedestrians who ventured to set foot beyond the wire cables which were strung along the outer edge of the sidewalks. The night the President's remains arrived in Washington the avenue was cleared of all traffic for perhaps an hour before the sad funeral cortege moved from the 6th street station to the White House. There were many incldents during the waiting, but the one which most pleased the nearby spectators

was the disconcertment of a blue-coated guardian of the peace. This particular wearer of brass buttons and swinger of the baton had been decidedly zealous in the exercise of his duty and had succeeded in stopping every attempt made by a citizen to cross the thoroughfare or to stand beyond the limits fixed by the cable. The only people whom this officer allowed to pass were those holding the heavily black bordered cards issued by Major Sylvester, the superintend-ent of police, for the benefit of working newspaper men and others whose business carried them into proximity with the hisoric events of the evening. The policeman had challenged every one who came down the avenue, but, upon recognizing the handwriting and signature of his superintendent, had allowed the privileged ones to pass on.

It so happened that Major Sylvester was in civilian dress that evening. He was at the station in personal command when the remains arrived, and when the cortege had started up the avenue the major walked up the line to see how matters had been progressing. As he passed along the line of blue-coated sentinels he was recognized and saluted, until he arrived at the post of the vigilant officer mentioned above. The V. O. was very busy and very zealous. His beat was clear of pedestrians and he in-tended that it should remain so. Suddenly he spied approaching the dim outlines of a stockily built, erect man in modest civilian attire. The V. O made for him. With both arms outstretched he swooped down upon his prey.

"Hey, you, get out of the lines. Quick here," he commanded. As the figure steadily advanced and paid no heed to the V. O., the latter's blood boiled. He closed on his enemy, and was about to lay hands upon him when the man in modest attere gave the V. O. a haupty stars. haughty stare. It was Major Sylvester. The V. O. fell back repulsed and then retreated in disorder. It is said now that he could recognize the superintendent two blocks away on a black night with his back turned.

"George Washington's false teeth, which were supposed to have been made of ivory, are giving a certain class of freak historians about as much trouble as they must have given the venerable patriot who wore them," said one of the professors of the Smithsonian Institution to a Star reporter recently. "Many times a year for several years

this institution has been called upon to produce these mysterious teeth for the inspection of persons who insist that they

Our matter of fact answer to these quiries that Washington had no false teeth. or at least if he did, that they are not in the possession of the museum, seems only to stimulate the inquiring mind to protest our statement. They proceed to give us authentic accounts of these teeth and always conclude with expressing the belief that they must be in the museum some where

"Where or how the idea that Washington had false teeth originated is an unsolved mystery. That it is firmly believed by many is certainly a fact. There seems to be no authentic record of the father of his country possessing ivory teeth, and by a study of the bust we have of him, which was made but a few years before his death, there is no indication of an indentation along the line of the gums such as can be noticed in persons who have had their teeth drawn even though they wear ar-tificial ones. However, we will continue to answer the same question in the same way probably many times in the future." 'clear ahead,' the engineer blows two whistles, which means 'go ahead,' and if he is going to 'back up,' he blows three blasts. Four long blasts call in a flagman who may be west or south of the train, and five long blasts call in the flagman who five long blasts call in the flagman who had a set of ivory ones made. These teeth, it is also stated, gave him much trouble because they did not fit. According to some biographers Washing-"Dern these women!"

Thus ejaculated a Metropolitan street car conductor yesterday morning, as he gave the bell rope a victous double pull to signal the motorman to go ahead. A Star reporter who knew him expressed surprise at

his ungallant remark. "I didn't mean anything disrespectful," said the fare-taker, wearily, "but sometimes I have to let loose. The women set me crazy the way they get off cars. Now that one nearly got a fall by getting off backward, the way she did. If there had been the littlest bit of motion to this car when she stepped off with her face to the rear end she'd have gone kerthump down

on the concrete. "Not one in a thousand women," he con-tinued, "ever alights from a street car right. Instead of taking hold of the handle bar on the upright toward the front of the car, she grabs the one back. If you don't believe it, watch this push and see if I'm not telling you a true one."

The reporter said he'd watch, and he did, not only on that car, but several others he rode on during the course of the day. He watched men and women alike. Out of sixty-seven women who alighted sixty-five of them got up when their corner was reached and carefully selected the wrong handle bar to assist them in alighting. Out of 114 men none took other than the proper clutch contrivance. Seven of them, however, invited the fool-killer's attention They jumped off while the car was speed-ing rapidly. Any Washingtonian can prove the truth of Conductor 9999's assertion by keeping eyes peeled when street car rid-

A Liquid City.

From the Los Angeles Herald. According to the Chicago Chronicle, Mil-

cities if beer is included.



Visitor (to Model)-"And is this all you do for a living, Mr. Blophy?" Mcdel-"Oh, no, sir; I collect. What may I have the pleasure of putting you

"The next time I take any of my sisters' young ones out to air 'em," pensively remarked the young uncle of a large brood of nephews and nieces, "I won't forget to have gags of proper strength and effectiveness along with me. Last Sunday morning I dropped in upon my married sister, who lives on the Hill. She had just got through dressing her little angel che-ild No. 3, Mildred, seven years old. The young one looked so cute and nice that I concluded to take her out for a car ride over to the house of my other married sister, who lives in the northwest. Mildred had a heap to say on all sorts of subjects from the minute that we started for the car, but when we got on the car she seemed to be wound up like a Strasburg clock, and the way that young one caused the hot flushes to crowd themselves over my shy, unobtrusive frame was something sinful. The first person of whom she took notice on the car was a masculine looking woman, sitting across the aisle, whose upper lip was provided with sufficient hirsute to make a very youthful man envi-ous. Little Mildred sized this woman up carefully for about half a minute, and then she turned to me and remarked in an awful whisper, with her hand at her mouth: Uncle Dave, just look at that lady's mus-tash!

"The other passengers grinned, of course, but the woman with the unnecessarily adorned upper lip scowled at me in a manner that caused me to feel for my physical safety. I muttered a few little things in my niece's ear as to the propriety of young ones keeping under cover, but she was too busy looking out of the window to pay much attention to me. About three squares fur-ther down a very large, muscular-looking black man got on the car and took a seat directly opposite us. His eyes, to say the least, were strangely independent of each other. Mildred looked him over solemnly for a short space, and then she prodded me gently and let out another one of those horribly audible asides of hers.

"'Um-m-m, Unkie,' she said, nodding in the direction of the black man, 'but ain't he

cross-eyed, though!"
"The black man tried hard to get a focus on my face with his twisted eyes without actually succeeding, but he looked like a real mad Nubian giant, all the same, and I expected for a minute or so that he'd come at me with a razor. Again I told my little angel niece that she was becoming entirely too conversational for her years, but she's he'd med again to a read this. but she's had me down for a good thing since her birth and she never pays much "As the car was rounding into Indiana

avenue a very plain-looking fat woman opened her mouth to ask the conductor to opened her mouth to ask the conductor to stop the car. Opening her mouth, she revealed a singular upper front tooth—a molar that looked grotesque and uncanny, if only for its lonesomeness. That tooth instantly seized upon Mildred's imagination.

"I believe," said the dead swell fisherman, half to himself, "that I'll go further up the stream. Might change my luck. Yes, I'll do it." seized upon Mildred's imagination.
"'My, but what a tusk!' she whispered

to me in a tone that was all the more au-dible because the car was near the stopping point. The woman with the solitary front tooth bestowed a glare of the utmost in-feeling upon me, and no doubt she would have stopped to haul me over the coals had she had time before getting off. I leaned over to little Mildred and told her that she stood only about one chance in a million of ever being taken out again by me, but Mildred was too much immersed just then in studying the figure of a young woman who had just boarded the car to take any note of my threat. This new passenger was assuredly a very slender young person-one of these naturally emaciated young women who can't get even reasonably stout no matter how hard they try. Her entire absence of figure was, of course, the young woman's misfortune, and it was, of course, so regarded by all of the passengers in the car-except Mildred. Mildred studied her as she looked up and down the car for a seat, and finally sat down, and then this lovable little niece of mine looked up at me archly and remarked with winsome distinctness: ''Dear me, but isn't that poor lady

"Well, we were vet too far from our destination to leave the car and walk, yet I began to think that at this rate I stood a while she was very good and quiet. Then there entered the car a big young man, togged out in clothes that were obviously his Sunday best, with one of these cre cheted four-in-hand ties, and all that sort of thing. He was plainly a horny-handed he sat down across the way from us and looked very much dressed up, indeed.
"Mildred fidgeted about in a seat for

awhile and then she got to looking at this splendiferously arrayed artisan. His huge, red hands seemed to make an especial hit with her. She looked at them steadily for about three minutes, and then she gazed up at me mirthfully.
"'Unkle, did you ever see such freckles

on a man's hands in your life?' she asked me. sweetly.

"Well, the plumber, or plane mover, or whatever he was, across the way heard it, and he didn't know for a minute whether to get sore or not. He flushed and looked down at his hands, and then he grinned at the child and at me. I knew then that it was all right so far as he was concerned but I wouldn't have had the poor fellow's feelings hurt like that for a mint. How ever, there was nothing to be done, and so I grinned back at him sheepishly, and had to let it go at that. We were nearing our destination and I figured it out that perhaps Mildred had executed her last stunt. But I was mistaken. We were only two squares from our getting-off place, when a well-dressed man with a fine countenance and friendly eyes got aboard. His amiable and well-molded face was sadly marred, but decidedly not spoiled, by the fact that it was badly pock-marked.

"'He must have suffered awful, eh, unkie?' remarked my delightful little niece to me just as I signaled the conductor to stop the car. The man with the pockmarked face heard the child's remark, leaved over and smill relieved. leaned over and smilingly chucked her un-der the chin, saying, 'Indeed I did, little one,' but his nice way of taking it didn't

help me out any.
"I blew in a dollar to take little Mildred waukee is one of the solid cities of the home in an automobile that afternoon. She's a charming little girl and all that, and I am mighty fond of my sisters' young ones, but hereafter I'm going to enjoy little Madred's bright, winsome sayings when she's under her mother's roof. I am not hunting for trouble."

## Remarkable Reading Records. From Tit-Bits.

A venerable divine residing in a northern city claims that he has read the entire works of Charles Dickens no fewer than a dozen times, nor has he "skipped" passages here and there, having performed the pleasant task with faithful exactitude. This feat would seem in the nature of a record, and it is doubtful whether it has ever been beaten, even by the most enthusiastic admirers of the renowned nov-

Remarkable in another direction was the record of an old Cheltenham lady, who claimed that during an existence of sixtyeight years she had read some 10,000 works of fiction, this constituting an average of some 150 per annum for each year of her side of the Klondike, and this was its last of fiction, this constituting an average of life. This extraordinary achievement, how- struggle, for it broke off its sword near its ever, was beaten by that of a Wiltshire lady, who contrived to read 275 novels of considerable length in one year, veritably a marvelous feat.

An American minister, whilst lecturing to an assembly of young men on "The Pleasures of Literature," stated that during his boyhood he had often persued in a single day a dozen sermons, half a dozen religious magazines, together with a philosophical work running into several hundred pages, and that, moreover, he had contrived to hear in mind the salient rollate of his yest bear in mind the salient points of his vast

A gentleman whom the present writer once encountered in the train surrounded by all sorts and conditions of periodicals informed him that his daily reading area covered no fewer than five newspapers in the morning, together with five in the evening. Sandwiched between the two batches of journals he was in the habit of reading some four or five periodicals, humorous, il-lustrated and social. Moreover, he devoured two novels from the circulating library per week, so that altogether his powers of concentration must have been as

A Painful Partnership

Nearpass-"Labor and Capital act like we small boys."

Bennett—"How's that?"
Nearpass—"Oh! They can't get along together and they can't get along apart."

MILDRED'S WINSOME WAY REAL SMOOTH ALL THE WAY TIRED OF LITERATURE

"The most tremendous surprise I have "Well, 'pon my waird!" exclaimed the ever experienced since the day my dad He looked nonplussed. He was nonstole up behind me with a club when, as a plussed over his lack of success in that small boy, I was stealing a smoke on the butt of one of his cigars, came drifting The barelegged boy who was fishing on along my way last week," remarked a the other side of the little stream with a Washington professional man upon his return from a trip to New York the other "Upon my waird!" repeated the swell day. "In order to fetch out the force of fisherman. He meant to say upon his word, the thing, however, I'll have to start in at

the beginning of it.

"My room mate and chief chum when was at Harvard was a studious and remarkably clever young fellow from Tennessee. He did not go in for athletics of sports or monkeyshines of any sort, but, He was a mightly smooth-looking fisher-man—the kind you see the pictures of, standing in brooks in long rubber boots, casting the fly. He had the rubber boots while by no means a prig, he stuck to his books and was one of the leading honor men at the finish. He had me double dis counted at the studies, for I was generally fooling around the gymnasium or on the field, but he always gave me a lift at the with the tidy flapped pockets, and he wore a checked fore-and-aft cap. His fishing ap-pliances were nothing but works of art—all head work when I asked him to, and we got along famously. silver-mounted, and embodying all of the patents virtually down to the minute. He

"When he took his degree he went to New York to hunt for a job in the literary line. I kept track of him there for a num ber of years, and saw him every time I went over. He went to work as a reporter on one of the sensational newspapers, made a success of it and was getting along all right, when he keeled over with typhoid or something, and when he got out of bed the medical men told him that newspaper reporting in New York was too swift a game for him, and that he'd better seek some quieter field.

"So he got a position as reader for a big publishing firm. That's quiet enough work for anybody, even if it is trying and patience-exhausting, and he made a fine in come without having to kill himself at the work. He devoted his spare time to liter-ary work on his own hook. He was the editor of a splendid edition of Balzac, for which he wrote all of the commentaries. He took a winter off and went to Egypt and Greece to pursue some special archae-ological studies that he'd begun as a youth, and when he got back he published a gen-uinely scholarly book on the result of his investigations, which was highly spoken of by eminent archaeologists and had a large sale for a work of its character. Then he became interested in ceramics, went after information on that subject with his customary enthusiasm and energy, and before long he was contributing papers on that difficult subject to periodicals devoted to its purposes. He went in for the oriental languages, mastered a number of them and brought out a translation of the Persian poets, not including Omar Khayyam, that received deserved recognition. From all of these sources, including his position with the publishing firm, he made a pretty neat income for a moderately successful literary man of this day-something like \$125 a week, say. Unlike most literary men, however, as I understand it, he lived pretty luxuriously, kept swagger bachelor apart-ments and blew in his money on works of art and trifles of that sort as soon as he

"I lost track of him about five years ago Went over to his apartments about that time, and found him gone. Went to his publishing firm and found that he had given up his position about three months previously, and that they didn't know where he had gone. I made inquiries everywhere around New York for him, but couldn't find out a word as to his where-abouts. I concluded that he had chucked up New York to go abroad or to return to his people down in Tennessee, and gradu-ally, after that, he went out of my mind as of a man to be looked up, although I occasionally wondered over his mysterious dropping out of the game in New York. "Well, last week I was up in Harlem one afternoon to visit a man I know out in that direction, and after paying the visit I strolled through one of the main Harlem streets to the elevated station. This was a business street, and I found myself at-tracted by the splendid appearance of a huge butcher shop not far from the ele-vated station. The butcher shop was so ornate, with its tiled floor, onyx counters. and all that sort of thing, that I stopped to peer in at the windows. Then my eyes began to think that at this rate I stood a good even money chance to get myself mobbed. Consequently I took up a pleading tone with little Mildred and implored her for my sake, if not for her own, to pipe down, or words to that general effect. She looked at me in big-eyed innocence and inquired what was the matter, and for any looked at me in big-eyed innocence and inquired what was the matter, and for any looked and equipt. Then riety and as remarking that it's durned odd, considering the expense he's been to to purchase the right kind of fishing gear, side and inquired of the neatly-uniformed a single bite during the entire day; then, as cashier behind the cashier's platform if a wind-up, the swagger fisherman would be the proprietor of the plant was in exhibited in the act of winking solemnly the cashier said, the proprietor was down at the bare-legged brat and digging up a town at the main store. He said that the neat five-dollar note wherewith to reward store I was in was only a branch of the the boy for his day's labors, and then the swell fisherman would take possession of sale meat establishment, and that there were fifteen others under the same proprietorship in New York, Philadelphia and Boston. I didn't ask any further ques-tions, but got on the 'L train and went right down to the main establishment. Two minutes after I walked in I was shaking hands with my old friend. From a stoop-shouldered man of about 140 pounds in weight, he was grown into a giant who doesn't weigh an ounce under 235, and he had a hearty laugh that rumbled the floor under our feet. He had his working togs on and was busily engaged in superintending a big force of men, but he went into a private room, rigged himself out for the street, and we went and had dinfor the street, and we went and had din-ner. He told me that he had become weary of literary work all on a sudden five years previously—that he had con-cluded there was nothing in it; that he found he was spending all of his income without getting ahead much, and had concluded to drop it and go in for something in which he had a chance to make money. So, with a thousand dollars or so that he had saved, he started a butcher shop along novel lines in Harlem, got a big along novel lines in Harlem, got a big trade, studied the meat business with all of the enthusiasm with which he had formerly studied pottery or languages, and had found some new kinks in it which offered him a chance to make large moneys. And there he was. He had extended his business into three cities, had married and settled down in a beautiful home on Madisettled down in a peautiful nome on Madison avenue, was making a net income of between \$75,000 and \$100,000 a year—'And I'm pretty well contented with my lot, thanks, old man,' said he, smiling amiably at me over his glass. And I don't, for that matter, see why he shouldn't he matter, see why he shouldn't be contented, nor why he didn't do exactly right when Norman's Land. The sloop was worked he abandoned his scribbling for a career of big money making. Nevertheless, from archaeology to pork chops, from ceramics to sausage, from Hafiz to frankfuerters good one, and Auguste Sylvia was sent well, isn't that calculated to turn a fellow around a bit?"

out in a dory to put another iron into the fish, which was struggling to get away. When the Moon Shines. Sylvia rowed right up on the swordfish From the Grand Rapids Herald. and jabbed the sharp iron home. He then "My boy," said the old man kindly, as he started to row out of harm's way. The fish poked his head through the back parlor with two irons in him, began a desperate doorway about 11 p.m., where his prospectstruggle. He made a sudden dart and with ive son-in-law, Charles, sat courting Eliza, an upward turn ran his long sword through with the gas turned on full force, "are you the bottom of the dory. The sharp sword passed into the railing of the craft and aware that the moon is shining brightly this evening? Just see," and the old man stuck there. The fish then turned in its fury and the dory was shaken about fearturned the gas out. "Just observe, my boy, how the moon's yellow rays light up Sylvia tried to cling to the bow thwart, this room. Truly, it is a glorious spectabut the big fish tossed the boat about like an eggshell. Sylvia was hurled overboard. cle. But come with me a moment: I have

something in the cellar which I want to show you." Then the old man took his bull's-eye lantern and led the way down the cellar stairs,

closely followed by Charles. "My boy," said he softly, as they reached the cellar, "I know you love Eliza with all the strength of your noble heart, and you love to meet her often, and let me say that I have no objection whatever to your doing o; I simply requested your presence in this cellar that I might give you a much-needed and useful lesson in economy. Observe, young man, the little box over in that coryoung man, the little box over in that cor-ner." Here he turned the light of his bull's-eye upon it. "Well, that's a gas meter, and every time that little pointer whirls round the space of that dial it means \$1 nearer the workhouse for me. "That's all, Charles. Now we will ascend, and hereafter when the moon is shining

you will not forget my lesson in economy, will you? Remember, my boy, to meet her by moonlight costs nothing, but to meter by gaslight is quite another affair. Good-

night, Charles. The moon is still shining brightly, I see."

Then the old man skipped blithely up the back stairs to bed.

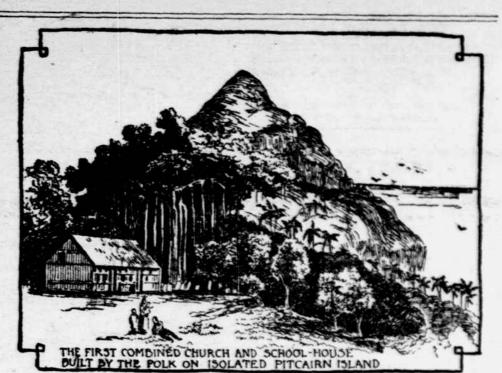
Relie.

From the Detroit Free Press.

Above his head, as he worked, there hung, in an elaborate frame, a dollar bill. "Mr. Biblus next door just went into his "A relic with a history, I doubt not!" obhouse singing a drunken song," said the served the other. "Yes; the trophy of my really first great

financial victory," replied the man of af-fairs. "It is the first dollar I ever escaped from a summer hotel with!"

When asked if he had had recourse to a rope ladder, he merely laughed, denying of Tahiti, where she was to be stationed



## PITCAIRN ISLAND

Land Where There's No Medicine. Tobacco or Rum.

IS 1,200 MILES FROM ANYWHERE

Descendants of the Bounty's Mutineers Heard From.

GOOD-LOOKING PEOPLE

Special Correspondence of The Evening Star.

LONDON, September 19, 1901. It was nearly three years since anything definite had been heard of the queerest community in the world-the inhabitants of the little dot of land in the Southern Pacific known to fame as "Pitcairn Island," but now the captain of H. M. S. Icarus has paid them a call, and he says that apparently things are going well with the de scendants of the good ship Bounty's mutineers.

They live 1,200 miles from the nearest point of land, and have intermarried and there. Three of them went aboard and gave reintermarried until every one is every one else's cousin, to say the least, and yet they object strenuously to any new settlers in their island. They have no medicine, and Most of the crew had been satisfied to setyet they are healthy-possibly because they have no liquor of any sort and no tobacco. Conflicting reports had come recently from Tahiti, Pitcairn's nearest neighbor, one of which said that these exclusive islanders were rapidly degenerating, while according to the other the Pitcairn folk were so far from degenerating that they had grown tired of being merely picturesque, and wanted to be a commercial com-munity. Capt. Knowling, the latest visitor, says the latter report is true. There are only twenty-nine working men on the island, but they have just finished building a new model school, and now are alternate ly occupied with putting up a church, lay-ing the timbers of a new whaling vessel and making a road to their little harbor. Their great ambition, however is to establish regular trading relations with the points nearest them.

Vankee Spirit There.

It is entirely in line with the recent trend of events that even in far away and British Pitcairn Yankee enterprise should step of the famous Bounty. in and help the island folk out. Although the colonial office has been trying for some time to arrange this matter, the British consul at Tahiti has just reported that a service is to be established during the next few months "by vessels sailing under the

American flag."
Fortunately for Pitcairn, the able Mr McCoy, who is now president of the com-munity of 142 souls, seems to be made of good stuff, and until he dies affairs in the good stuff, and until he dies affairs in the island probably will go well. Some time ago President McCoy was obliged to be away from the island for nearly a year, and during that time things went rather badly—a murder occurred, the first one since the island's settlement—but when the president returned it took him only a short time to set matters right. To illustrate the pluck of the man, the Pitcairn folk tell how he went on board a burning ship and him-self piloted her to Mangareva, in the Gambier Island, 1,000 miles away, and beached her there, rather than to allow her captain to run her ashore on Pitcairn Island, as he intended to do.

A Parliament of Seven

With such a man for their president it is not surprising that there is remarkably good discipline in the island, especially as McCoy is well backed up by the other members of the funny little "parliament" of seven, elected by the people. All the male adults have to give half their day's work to public enterprises. They get up at 5 in the morning, have breakfast, and work until 2 in the afternoon, which is dinner time and he spends it in gardening, repairing his boats or shooting wild goats for food. The women, besides doing the housework mooth and paint cocoanuts in an odd way, or make different plaited things to sell to the crews of ships which anchor off the island to take fresh water. These average about thirty-five a year, but the Pit-cairn folk are rather strict about letting their crews land, for fear of disease, wrecked ship's company cast up on the island in 1894 brought typhoid fever and started an epidemic that came within an ace of wiping out the little community. The oldest man in the island bears the euphonious name of Thursday October Christian, possibly in celebration of the day of his birth. He is a grandson of the master's mate of the Bounty, one of the mu-tineers, and is now eighty-three. Two

others of the men are more than seventy-five, while the eldest of the women is sev-

Queer Allments.

None of these old people has any allments beyond the feebleness of old age; in fact, the only flaw in the otherwise perfect health enjoyed by the members of this isolated community is a queer affection which attacks the teeth of the upper jaw, generally causing their total loss early in life. It probably is this feature which has given rise to the stories of physical degeneration among the Pitcairnites. Its cause is supposed to be the excessive intermarriage among the Island families. How great this has been is shown by the fact that of the has been is shown by the fact that of the population of the island fifty-one are Christians, forty-seven Youngs, twenty Warrens, eleven Coffins, six McCoys, two Butters, one Buffet and four Smiths. Still the members of some families in which intermar riage has been constant have perfect teeth while other families in which this practice

has not obtained suffer from the affection The Pitcairnites are all Seventh Day Ad ventists, and although they are not as intensely devout as their ancestors b inder the influence of the converted sailor under the influence of the converted sailor, John Adams, there is little or no immorality among them. The captain of the Icarus, after studying the people carefully, found only three features of their condition that he thought did not promise well for the future. There is no one of the men of early middle age on the island who seems capable of taking up the president's work and carrying it on as intelligently Also, as is almost always the case in small and secluded communities, the surplus of girls over boys among the children is great, but it is hoped that as some of the girls grow older they can be induced to leave the island. The third difficulty is less serious, being simply the adoption among the is being simply the adoption among the is-landers of what is practically a new lan-guage—a sort of dialect or pigeon English, the result of slurring or clipping Anglo-Saxon words. This has now gone so far that some of the people are really slow about understanding when ordinary En-glish is spoken to them.

The Mutiny of the Bounty. It was in 1789 that the British warshi Bounty sailed from Spithead for the Island Indies. Nothing special happened on the voyage out, and when the ship anchored at Tahiti all hands started in on a lazy, luxurious existence that was much to their taste. There was little or no work to be done, the weather was balmy, fruit and other good things were plentiful and the men of the Bounty were in high feather.
When the time came to leave the men
were disposed to grumble at the prospect
of sea fare and sea work again, and there was a pretty general feeling of sullenness in the forecastle. To make matters worse, the commander, Captain Bligh, was a man with a short temper and a sharp tongue, and soon there were stormy scenes on board. It ended in mutiny, Captain Bligh had a rude awakening one

captain Bligh had a rude awakening one morning and found his bunk surreunded by his armed crew. Already one of the ship's boats had been dropped astern and in it sat eighteen men, who had refused to join the mutineers. Captain Bligh was forced over the side and into the boat and a small supply of provisions and water lowered after him. Then the men cut the painter and the ship was got under way. Bligh was a blunt man, but he was

brave and a determined one, and he made a plucky fight for life. He won it, too, for after a terrible cruise in the open boat he and those of his men who had not died of privation or leaped overboard while crazed with hunger arrived safely at the Island of Tunor and soon after took ship for Eng-There he told the story of the mutin and almost immediately a ship set sail for Tahiti, to the fleshpots of which Captain Bligh had fancied his crew meant to re-

Off for Pitcairn.

The captain had guessed right, and when the punitive expedition arrived at Tahiti it found that most of the mutineers were themselves up, eleven others were captured, two were known to be dead. Thus all but nine of the men were accounted for, tle down again where they were and run the risk of the captain's having escaped to report them as mutineers. But the nine had been wiser. Taking nine Tahitian women as wives and six Tahitian men as servants, they went on board the Bounty again and set sall. Where they had planned to go or what had become of them nobody knew. They were searched for with-out success, and then the Pandora, on which the "punitive" expedition had sailed, with her prisoners on board, started back When the mutineers got for England. there several of the ringleaders were hanged, the rest imprisoned.

hanged, the rest imprisoned.

All the world supposed that the Bounty had gone down, and it was twenty years before all the world was undeceived. It was an American ship that discovered the retreat of the mutineers. She had stopped off the island that is now known as Pitcelin for water and her cover were thur cairn for water, and her crew were thun-derstruck at being hailed from the shore in

The Conversion of John Adams The change that took place in John

Adams after the death of his last comrade is one of the strangest things in the whole strange tale of the Bounty's crew. Finding himself the only man on the is land, with several women and some growing children, both boys and girls, to look out for, seems to have aroused everything good in him. Strangely enough, there was a Bible on the island, and Adams took to reading it, and, not satisfied with this, insisted on reading it to the rest. From that time on he set himself the task of making good women of the mothers on the island, and bringing up the children in the way they should go. It was while he was engaged in doing so that the American ship Topaz anchored off the island, which had been sighted by one of the officers, a young American named Pitcairn, whose father had fought and been killed at the battle of Bunker Hill. Hence the island's name. This was in 1808, and since ther

community on Pitcairn Island has flourished, increasing and multiplying. Ever since then ships have called there from time to time, and British cruisers and the mission ships of the Seventh Day Adventist sect have supplied them with implements and supplies, and missionaries and teachers have been sent there. Homesick for Their Island

Twice the folk on the little isolated dot of land have become dissatisfied, feeling that they needed more elbow room, and have transplanted themselves, but both times they elected to return. The first exodus took place in 1831, when the Pitcairn people wanted to go to Tahiti. They were sent there, but the uncouth ways of their mothers' countrymen and their carelessness about clothing and morals shocked the disciples of John Adams, and they got back as fast as possible and lived contentedly at Pitcairn until 1856. Then about 200 of them took ship for Norfolk Island and

turning to Pitcairn. ane people of Pitcairn are generally of good stature and good looks. Their hair is deep black, their skins have a brownish tint and their faces are usually open and intelligent. Some of the women are really beautiful, and all, men and women alike have a distinctly English cast of counter

lived there for awhile, but soon grew home-

sick and took the first opportunity of re-

nance. Their island is thickly wooded and so mountainous that it can be sighted from a ship when it is still forty miles away. It is about four and a half miles in circumfer-ence. The climate is, of course, mild, and the chief natural products of the island are such natural vegetables as sweet potatoes, yams, bread fruit, maize and beans, and such fruits as bananas, pineapples, oranges,

melons and cocoanuts. CURTIS BROWN. London's Pauper Lunatics

From the London Chronicle.

We have in the London area-or we had on the first day of this year-as many as 21,369 registered pauper lunatics. The majority of these are at Colney Hatch, Hanwell, Banstead, Cane Hill, Claybury and Bexley. We note from the report of the asylums committee of the London county council that the council would by this time have had a number of auxiliary receiving houses if its scheme for providing these had received a little more zealous consideration from the lord chancellor, to whom it was referred at the end of last year. But it required an act of parliament to carry it into effect, and that, we need hardly say, was beyond the powers and capacities of the present government. The number of pau-per lunatics which we have quoted above includes some 5,500 imbectles, resident in the independent asylums of the metropoli-tan board. One of the most astonishing parison of the number of lunatics in 1901 with the corresponding number in 1890. Eleven years ago the total number was 16,-358, little more than three-quarters of the total reached this year. The increase is entirely in the number of lunatics under control of the county council, and it arises n part, no doubt from improved organizain part, no doubt from improved organiza-tion and more thorough administration of the law. Comparing our pauper lunatics with the population of the county of Lon-don, which exceeds four millions and a haif, don, which exceeds four millions and a half, we have the somewhat startling fact that the madmen are to the relatively sane in the ratie of 4.7, whereas ten years ago the corresponding ratio was only-3.9. But, as we have suggested, figures go for little in the face of a zealous organizing body like